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SINGING THE SUMMER SONG.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Swing the lily-bells!
Ring the bell, win a fairy strain!
Chime them afar, blow every blossom horn,
Blow to the merry morn,
News that the Summer has come again!

Brilliant-robed tulip,
As you the dew dip,
Send up a song from your gay, bright throat.
Shy, loving violet,
With your blue eye wet,
Add to the anthem your soft, sweet note.

Fair, white roses,
Rare, bright roses,
Fling to the air all incense sweet!
Crowned Queen of Beauty,
Love is but duty,
Summer and roses together we greet.

Gay, gold buttercups,
Brave, bold buttercups,
Stars in the greenwood, far and near,
Shine out merrily,
Brightly and cheerily,
Gay, gold buttercups, Summer is here!

Sweet, fair daisies,
Sunny-hair daisies,
Nestling low in the grass at our feet,
Smiling, smiling, Swelling before us,
Singing the summer song, glad and sweet!

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO; OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big
Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."
(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE COMANCHE CAMP.

WHEN Bear Claw bounded through the post-oaks, with the unconscious Mary Halliday, he soon came to where his party had left their camp. Making his way through them, he halted in a powerfully-built horse, as black as midnight, pawing the sward impatiently.

The horse gave a neigh of recognition as the Indian chief loosened the lariat, after laying Mary down at the foot of a tree.

Springing into the saddle he urged the animal to where Mary lay, still unconscious, stooped down, and with an apparent slight effort, swing the senseless form up in front of him. The mustang snorted and pranced for a moment at the unaccustomed load, but was quieted by a few words from the Indian chief. Bear Claw sat a moment like a statue, his eagle-feathers mingling with the Spanish moss which hung from the limbs above him.

He bent his head toward the scene of the massacre, and as there came a rush of many dark forms beneath the trees, the prolonged yell of the black-wolf issued from his lips, which was answered by the hooting of owls as his warriors sprang from their mustangs, and urged them around him.

Bear Claw gave a deep grunt of anger as he saw how his followers had been reduced by the deadly fire-arms of the Rangers.

"Do the white dogs weep over dead squaws—not stop long—heap mad—Eagle Eye Carson on trail soon—want squaw—no find Red Rose—know Bear Claw got him—the Red Rose—got with heap blood—Red Fox has spoken."

"Did the Red Fox see the Eagle Eye Carson? Will the young white chief follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

Red Fox—Eagle Eye will come—fast shooting guns" answered the warrior.

"Come, warriors, the Posos," cried Bear Claw, authoritatively, "the white dogs will find a long, blind trail; the Eagle Eye's squaw will sweep the lodge of an Apache chieftain."

Bear Claw swung his quiet about the hams of his mustang, who with a wild snort, bounded away through the darkness up the Medina river, followed by the remainder of his war-party, who urged their animals to their greatest speed.

On, on, they went, like floods let loose from Hades, through the dark shadows of the oaks. On, on, hour after hour, until the break of day, when they dashed down the banks of the Medina, and into the cool waters, allowing their mustangs to drink; they themselves throwing the water with their hands up into their parched mouths, as only an Indian can.

Mary was still unconscious, and it was evident the chief wished her to remain so, or he would have revived her with the refreshing waters of the stream.

They stopped, but a moment, then scrambled up the steep bank to the other side, and galloped through the bottom timber out on the open prairie beyond.

Here, as a command from Bear Claw, a warrior sprung from his mustang, gathered some twigs and dry grass, struck a fire with flint and steel, and then with water from a gourd, so sprinkled it, that a column of white smoke arose, and all watched intently for an answer to this "prairie telegram."

They had not long to wait, for another column of smoke soon appeared, some three miles up the river, and the Indians again started in a fast lop toward the point from which the signal arose.

It took but a short time, at the headlong pace which they rode, to gain this point, and they were soon riding into the camp of another war-party of their tribe, consisting of some fifty braves, who looked in wonder and amazement at the unusual number of warriors which made up the party of Bear Claw.

The latter passed the still insensible form of Mary to one of the Indians, who placed her on the ground beneath a small shelter made of



On, on galloped the faithful Tonkaway, his eyes glancing suspiciously upon all sides.

Mexican blankets, after securing her wrists together by buckskin thongs.

A tall, finely-formed warrior, whose eagle-plumed silver breastplate showed him to be a chief, stealthily crept up the camp, and approached Bear Claw, who stood where he had directed him, awaiting a welcome. Each chief drew his scalping-knife and ran the blade into the ground at his feet, and each took the hand of the other, and placed the same upon his heart, as a token and sign of peace and brotherhood.

"Bear Claw is a great warrior," said the strange chief, "and is welcome to the fire and venison of Black Wolf. Where are the braves? Have the bear took toward the big water? Have the pale-face dogs sent them on the dark trail?"

"My braves are taking the big sleep," answered Bear Claw, "but they took many scalps. Eagle Eye Carson has many braves—shoot fast, their guns never empty—my warriors were making tortoise-fire—they fell like old leaves before the north wind; the bullets of the Rangers fly like the ice-hail among the Sioux."

"How many braves has the Eagle Eye?" asked Black Wolf. "Will he follow the trail of Bear Claw?"

"The smoke of the white dog's lodge blinded Bear Claw—he cannot tell—he will come—Bear Claw has stolen his squaw. Look!" said the chief, pointing to the wick-up. "The Rose of the Medina—her spirit is in the land of dreams—she is a fawn—Bear Claw will take her to his lodge beyond the big plain."

A look of surprise and admiration spread over the features of Black Wolf, as he gazed upon the form of Mary, who seemed, even in her unconscious state, to be aware of the savage scrutiny; she writhed, moaned, opened her pale lips and bloodshot eyes, looking up in terror at the pale-faced demons before her.

The sight of them brought all the dread horrors of the night previous back to her mind; a long wail of anguish burst from her lips, and she uttered a cry of a more deadly hue as she again lost consciousness.

Black Wolf turned to Bear Claw, and addressed him.

"Bear Claw's squaw fair as prairie flower—look much sick—she will die before she see big plain—got good soap for Bear Claw's shield."

"The Rose of the Medina will not die," said Bear Claw; "she will bring wood—she will cook venison for Bear Claw," and he stepped to the fire, took from the coals a large steak, shook the ashes from it, and carried it to his captive. Releasing her hands from behind, he tied them loosely in front; as she recovered her senses, so she could eat; then placed the meat, together with some parched corn, upon a wooden platter, and set the same before Mary.

She gazed at him with a look of horror, and shrunk back into the further corner of the shelter.

"Why does the Rose fear the Comanche chief?" asked Bear Claw. "He will keep her path free of danger—the north wind shall not blow her away—she will be the queen in the village—sorrow shall not come to her lodge—the sun shall always shine upon the flowers where she sleeps."

A mingled look of terror and great fear from Mary was his only answer.

Black Wolf stood with folded arms in front of the wick-up, and it was plain to see that he took more than common interest in the captive maiden, but he wheeled about, and walked to the central portion of the camp, as if he feared his brother chief would discover his weakness.

The camp was situated in an opening of about an acre in extent, quite clear from trees or brush. When Black Wolf had reached the center of the encampment, he gave a signal which brought his braves from all quarters around him, and then he addressed them:

"Black Wolf is glad—his warriors have taken many scalps from the white-skinned; their mustangs will make a wide trail. Black Wolf is sad—the scalps of Bear Claw's braves hang at the belts of the warriors of the Eagle Eye Carson. He a great chief—he will come for his

squaw—he come on trail of Bear Claw. Warriors, your eyes must be open—White Horse will take his braves, go where Bear Claw make watch for Eagle Eye Carson Rangers—Black Wolf will not move his camp—he not afraid—let them come."

Black Wolf waved his hand to White Horse, who, with a few quick motions, designated those that he wished to accompany him, and with five braves, armed with deadly Comanche bows, he disappeared from view amid the trees of the river bottom, going down the stream toward the ford.

White Horse and his braves had not proceeded far when a noble buck crossed their path, and following it they were led a long chase over the river; this caused a delay in their arrival at the ford that was favorable to those who were anxiously searching for the captive maiden.

CHAPTER V.

THE TONKAWAY'S MISSION.

Kit and his companions galloped steadily all the night without exchanging a dozen words; the Indian was in the lead; and Tom remarked, as they reached the ford about half an hour after the party of Bear Claw had crossed, that "He'd bet his interest in the Mexican Republic that Kit had not held his tongue so long after he was born."

They soon saw by the fresh trail down the bank to the ford that the Tonkaway had been correct in his surmises in regard to the route taken by the Comanches.

Stopping a moment to water their mustangs, holding their Sharp's rifles ready for instant use, they then rode up the opposite bank; here Raven turned his horse toward Kit, saying:

"Eagle Eye stop here with braves—Raven see where Comanche gone—what do—no long long."

The Tonkaway waited for no word of instructions, but sprang from his horse, passed the bridle-rein to Kit, and went with long swinging strides over the trail of the war-party, and was lost to view in the bottom timber.

"I'm afraid you will be in trouble," said Tom, "but I reckon you and Kit have traded tongues—know he's strange; ain't he used ter was; and his not slinging his gab seems awful peculiar. Why, Buffalo Bill alwais introduced him as Professor Talker, of Talkerville!"

"Don't you bother him, Tom," warned Joe, earnestly; "he has that upon his mind which keeps him quiet; we'll have hard work keeping him from doing something rash."

"I'm afraid so. I kind a feel a choking myself when I thinks of poor Will at all grave."

"I wish I could send word to Martha Wells in San Antonio," exclaimed Joe, "for God only knows how this trail will end."

"Boys," interrupted Kit, in a mournful tone of voice, "the reason you see me so silent is, that I'm thinking of Mary, and I feel confident Bear Claw has backers near. If we could only overtake him before he joins them!"

"You are about right, Kit," answered Tom, quickly. "I've bin thinkin all the time 'bout same thing—Wait will Tonk come in. Here he is now! He's a red what one can tie fast to, every time."

In the regular Indian lop, Raven came up the trail, saying warmly as he got near:

"Come—much open here—sharp eyes on river—come, thick brush up river—Raven got heap talk for white warriors."

The Rangers followed the Indian into one of the thickets which bordered the river above the ford, and all dismounted, seating themselves on the ground, secure from observation, holding the lariats attached to their horses in their hands, their rifles resting across their knees.

The Tonkaway, with stoical indifference, lighted his pipe, and blew a whiff of smoke to each point of the compass, then passed the pipe to Kit, who sat next to him.

"Black Wolf is glad—his warriors have taken many scalps from the white-skinned; their mustangs will make a wide trail. Black Wolf is sad—the scalps of Bear Claw's braves hang at the belts of the warriors of the Eagle Eye Carson. He a great chief—he will come for his

they were forced to wait until Raven broke the silence, which he soon did in a low voice.

"Comanche trail go light open prairie; war-party stop there light little fire—make smoke—mustangs no stamp round much—no stay long—answer—another smoke—ride fast up river cheap big war-path up creek—Raven know where."

"That's just our luck," exclaimed Kit; "but boys, if thar's a thousand red-skinned cut-throats, I'll hang on their trail for a chance to save Mary from the infernal, bloodthirsty fiends. You had better go back and look after Will, and then, joining our company, tell Captain Burleson that there's game up this way for him."

"Kit!" exclaimed Tom, "when I slip a trail on a pard yer can just set me down for a Greaser. I hope I'm half white, and Joe is bilin' over at ye: the idea of our lettin' yer play a lone hand! We'll stick!"

"You are right, Tom," added Joe, in a tone which showed that his feelings had been hurt by what Kit had said: "I never was known to desert a friend, and it's late in the day for me to begin that sort of a game, even if I had the desire. If I had been on the back-out it would have showed up before. Now, I'll tell you what I think. I have a plan in my mind that will put us all in a better fix for the work ahead."

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"Hold, Raven!" exclaimed Joe; "here, take this paper to Martha Wells; also find Jack and give this star, sure!"

Kit gave one spring, grasped the bridle-rein of the Indian's horse, his eyes wild, and said, in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"Look, Raven! Don't you go back on me. Tell the boys it is life and death; that the best girl in the world is in the power of the Comanches, and if they don't come quick I'll charge the camp if I have to go it alone. Do you think they will harm or misuse her, or torture her? Here! look me in the eye, and tell me the truth, Raven; spit it out white, plain and simple. Come! speak!"

"Bear Claw no hurt Mary," answered the Tonkaway, as he looked without flinching into the eye of Kit; "keep her for squaw—take her in long trail go to village on big plain—so he think Raven think get her back—she again with Eagle Eye after her."

Raven whirled his quirt high over his head, and lashed his mustang, who sprung, with a wild snort, over the brush, and horse and red rider were in a moment lost to view, as they dashed down the bank across the ford.

"Well, me noble duke, I'm penning a few rose-tinted lines of fairy language to the lady of my heart, for that noble red-man to take to San Antonio. He's not a carrier-dove, I know, but necessity gives me no choice."

"Good fur yer, Joe!" exclaimed Tom, approvingly; "Martha Wells is a noble gal, an' so's the red, too. Martha's got true Texas grit, an' I don't blame yer fur bein' soft on her. Tell her yer sittin' on a bank of roses an' writin' with a moonbeam. Kit, bet yer a slug I can streak her through that Comanche camp on the lop, shoot half a dozen reds, and not git skin broke!"

"Don't, for mercy sake, talk that way," responded Kit, anxiously. "I'm sorry you drank that whisky."

"Bosh!" returned Tom, bluntly; "that whisk has nothin' ter do with it. I can't lay still long; I hankered fur sculps when they are so danged near, an' I'm spied to twist my fingers in Colorado; but I'll tell you what boys, I'm a-goin' ter take a smoke fer mass time."

Tom lit his pipe and laid it back on the bank to enjoy it, while Joe wrote his note to Martha, and Kit, with his hat pulled over his eyes, lay listening impatiently for some sound which would indicate the return of Raven.

It was an hour before the latter glided in among them, and showed, by his heavy breathing, that he had run fast and long. At last he broke the silence:

"Raven say right—big camp—many warriors—see Mary—she tie up in blanket wigwam—look much sick—cry heap—Raven heart beat hard for Eagle Eye squaw—two big chiefs in camp, Bear Claw, Black Wolf—Raven go quick San Antonio—must have more white warriors—ride fast—be there when dark comes—Eagle Eye stay here—no go Comanche camp—lose scalp, Raven come—then heap fight may be so good-by."

Raven at once sprang on his mustang.

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COUSIN DELLE.

BY D. CHANNING ROBIE.

The cottage on the mountain-side
Stands where the glow of summer-tide
In golden brightness gently falls
Upon its weather-beaten walls.

Over the porch the creepers twine,
With ivy and sweet eglantine;
While fast to many a knotted string
The circling scarlet runners cling.

Sweet spot! how dear thou art to me!
I linger round thee lovingly;
Oh, that I could forever dwell
Here in this blushing bower of Delle!

Awa she slips beneath the trees—
The fair cheeks kissed by summer's breeze;
Then through the meadows green, where flows
The babbling brook, she merrily goes.

The sun-hat dangling at her back,
No longer hides the raven black
And glossy locks of wavy hair
That falls upon her forehead fair.

Now skipping 'long the woodland path,
Then sporting in the aftermath—
Oh, would that I one-half could tell
The witchery of Cousin Delle!

Behold her now in fragrant hood
Of flowers from the deep wildwood;
And woven into every tress
A red rose of the wilderness.

Through the fields where daisies grow
I watch the dark-eyed maiden go.
Surely, on me there is some spell
Cast by that fairy, Cousin Delle.

May evil, pain and sorrow be,
Through all thy life, unknown to thee;
May all with the e'ermore be well,
Sunny, dark-haired Cousin Delle.

**The Rejected Heart:
OR,
THE RIVAL COUSINS.**

BY MARY GRACE HALFINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

An unaccountable feeling of depression weighed upon Walter's heart, which made the mirth and music of that gay assemblage jar harshly on his nerves, and he left very soon after John did.

He had gone but a few rods when he missed a bunch of keys that he always carried with him.

It contained not only his room and office key, but the one that unlocked a desk containing valuable papers.

He remembered hearing something drop from his pocket when he was in the old deserted house. He had looked, but the light being dim, had discovered nothing, and thought he was mistaken.

It must have been the missing keys.

There was no help for it; tired as he was, he would have to go back for them.

Fortunately his way home was past the road where this house stood, so it would not take him much out of the way.

With these thoughts, Walter turned down the rough and narrow road that led to the "old Stone place."

When near, though not within sight of it, he was startled by the report of a pistol.

Walter's horse was young and spirited; giving a snort of terror, it began to rear and plunge in a manner not a little dangerous in the steep and rocky place where he was.

After he had succeeded in calming him, he listened.

Not a sound broke the solemn stillness that reigned around.

Looking cautiously about him, he strained his eyes vainly to discover any movement in the road beyond.

Then, with a reassuring word to his horse, Walter went on.

The moon was partially obscured by a cloud, but the outlines of the house were plainly visible, amid the blackness that surrounded it.

As Walter looked he saw a figure emerge from the house and run down the walk to the road.

Whoever it was must have heard the sound of his horse's feet on the stony road, and which sounded very distinctly in the silence.

As it reached the road, it paused as if irresolute which way to go; then, suddenly turning, swiftly down the hill in an opposite direction.

Walter's horse now demanded all his time and attention.

As though it scented some mysterious horror in the air, it began to back; pluming from side to side, not even the application of the whip could make it go forward.

At last Walter dismounted, and taking him by the bridle, tried to lead him up to the house, but he could not induce the animal to move one step in that direction. At every fresh effort he reared upon his hind legs, trembling in every limb, his flashing eyes and dilated nostrils showing the terror that had seized him.

Pitying what he could see no adequate cause for, Walter finally turned the horse round, sending him to a tree at the side of the road.

He then went into the house, the door of which stood wide open.

On entering the first room, he saw a dark pool of something oozing from beneath the door of the one opening out of it.

On taking a step forward, his feet slipped, and in trying to save himself, both hands came in contact with a warm, slimy liquid, and which had the sickening odor of fresh blood!

Springing to his feet, Walter turned to the window.

Horrors of horrors!—his crimsoned hands were dripping with gore!

Struck dumb and motionless with terror, he stood for some moments trying to collect his scattered thoughts.

Some day he would be horrified to find that he had committed Murder or suicide!—which?

Shaking off the numbing horror that oppressed him, Walter pushed back the door of the adjoining room, which was ajar.

Upon the floor lay the body of a man.

Walter approached nearer.

At this moment the moon burst out from behind a cloud, revealing to his horror-struck vision the white, rigid face of John Remmington, the murderer, whoever he was, had fled, and might never be found. Unless he was, suspicion would surely fall on him.

Why should he tell of his discovery of the body? What good would it do? Would it not be better to leave the discovery of it to some one else, rather than put himself in such mortal peril?

Picking up the missing keys, which he found under the table, Walter left the house; his mind a confused medley of doubts, fears, and conjectures.

He finally came to the conclusion that he would say nothing about it.

Fatal mistake!—and still more fatal consequences that sprang from it!

The gray dawn was breaking before Walter fell asleep, and then he slept very heavily.

The bright sunlight was streaming into the room when he woke, woke with that vague feeling of horror, which weighed like the remains of a nightmare upon his spirit.

He would have thought his strange experiences of the past night to have been some horrible dream, were it not for what he saw around him.

The cuffs of the linen duster, that was lying across a chair, were dabbled with blood, while spots were on various other parts of it. And when he tried to draw his hands, he found that the soles were crimsoned and the instep splashed with the same horrible stains.

With a sick feeling at his heart that no words can describe, Walter covered his face with his hands.

He shuddered as his thoughts reverted to the ghastly thing that was lying in that old, deserted house, the sightless eyes turned up to the bright sunshine.

Had they found it? If not, when would they? Oh! that he had had the courage to have told all! But now it was too late.

After doing the best he could to remove the telltale marks from his clothing, Walter went down to the deserted dining-room.

Eben, the waiter, was noted for his news-gathering propensities, and his willingness to disclose the same to whoever would give him a hearing.

Walter saw, with a feeling of relief, that his face wore its usual inane expression, when nothing was going on, to use his own words, "worth mentioning."

Walter never encouraged his propensity to talk, not considering that he needed any. Now he said:

"Any news, Eben?"

"Nothing worth speaking of, sir," replied Eben, with a doleful shake of the head. "Dreadful dull times these. There hain't been a murder, or an elopement, or even a marriage, for any account, for I don't know when!"

Eben said this with an injured look and tone, as though he considered it in the light of a personal grievance, and which would have provoked a smile from Walter at any other time.

As he thought was, that nothing had been discovered as yet.

Hastily swallowing a cup of coffee he ordered his horse.

He had partly promised Irene, the night before, that he would join an excursion up the river that had been the subject of much talk and anticipation for the last fortnight. Now he felt that he dared not risk the ordeal to which it would subject him.

As Walter stood by his horse, adjusting some portion of the harness, he saw Charlie Gray crossing the road toward him.

"Good-morning, doctor. So you are not going to our excursion? But, good heavens! how pale you are looking. Are you ill?"

For the first time, Walter was conscious how pale and haggard his face must look, and it did not add to his uneasiness at Charlie's unexpected appearance.

"I am not feeling very well; I have had a good deal riding about to do of late."

Charlie stared at him for a moment, and then said:

"I'm looking for John. He promised to be on hand the first one this morning, and hasn't put in an appearance yet. I thought that perhaps he had come down to the hotel for something."

"I haven't seen him," said Walter, replying more to the look and tone than to the words. "He may be about the building somewhere."

Young Gray passed into the hotel, and Walter rode away, scarcely daring to allow himself to think until he found himself in the open country, far removed from the road behind him.

John had been missed. The next thing would be a search. And then?

How vividly did his imagination portray the wide-spread horror and consternation, the grief and anguish that would follow!

CHAPTER XV.

FOUND DEAD!

PARTLY to put as many miles as possible between him and the scene of that dark tragedy, and partly to drive away the gloomy thoughts that oppressed him, Walter visited some patients in rough and mountainous district, several miles from town.

On his way back he stopped at a farmer's for a bowl of bread and milk. He had taken nothing since morning, and was too faint and weary to proceed further.

The farmer's wife bustled about, placing upon the table a brown loaf and brimming pitcher of milk, of which he partook more heartily than he had believed it possible.

As he sat there one of the farmer's sons drove into the yard.

By the parcels of groceries in his wagon it was evident that he had been to town, and Walter looked curiously at him as he entered.

"Here's the Herald, mother," he said, tossing a paper into the old lady's lap, who was knitting by the window.

"Anything stirring in town, Jake?" inquired Walter, as he rose from the table.

"They're makin' a tarnation rumpus 'bout a young chap that's missin'," said Jake. "His mom's in the back rooms, an' might about the tall town out lookin' for him, I should say. There wouldn't be no sech fuss if I should turn up missin', hey, mother?"

"Who is it?" inquired the old lady, whose placid face looked as if "highsterrick" were something of which she had no personal experience.

"John Remmington. You 'member him, dad?"—that wild, harum-scarum fellow that we saw at the tavern down to the "Corners."

"Yes, I remember him," responded the farmer, who was sitting in the doorway, mending a harness; "an' I don't remember much good of him, nuther. By all accounts, it won't be no great loss if he ain't never found."

Walter's heart had grown strangely tender toward his dead kinsman; his sad, untimely fate making even his faults sacred.

He turned quickly toward the speaker.

"Two ladies were in the pew when he entered, who immediately arose and took another seat."

Walter took no apparent notice of this; taking a seat in the further corner, so that the rest of the church would be at the disposal of any one who wanted to occupy it.

After the services, opportunity was given to all who desired it, to pass up one aisle, past the altar, where the coffin lay, and down the other, to get a better partial view of the deceased.

As the service was larger part of the crowd had surged past him, and out the other door. Walter walked up to where the coffin stood, looking sadly upon its occupant, unmindful of the curious eyes that were watching him.

Never, in all the glow of health and life, had John Remmington looked so handsome as when he lay in his coffin. The face wore that peaceful and serene expression, observed in all those who die suddenly from gun-shot wounds. Every trace of passion and excess had faded; the refining hand of death had spiritualized it, as nothing else could.

John was a favorite in the community. His frankness and generosity made him liked even by those who saw, with pain, the grave faults of his character.

While he lived there were fathers, thoughtful, clear-sighted men, who shook their heads at his wildness, saying, "that he might be well enough for a son."

"Mayhap the young chap'd himself away, just fur a lark. Don't you be none afraid but what they'll find him."

"He has not been found," thought Walter, as he rode on.

In spite of all the excitement, comments, and even suspicions it might arouse, he wished it over with.

He could not endure the thought of the body laying there another night; and the impulse was strong upon him to go to the nearest magistrate and tell him all he knew.

He had to go past Irene's.

As he came in sight of the house, he saw a crowd of people approaching it.

Four or half a dozen men walked in front, bearing a stretcher.

Well did Walter know what it was that lay so still beneath that white covering!

Then, as he thought of Irene, and how cowardly it was to leave her alone at such a time, he urged his horse forward.

By the time he reached the gate, which was wide open, the crowd had passed through it,

and out of sight, and flinging himself from his horse, Walter followed.

The house stood back from the road, on an eminence, and as he reached the top, he saw Irene and several others standing on the steps, trying to prevent Mrs. Remmington from going down to the crowd below.

As soon as Irene saw Walter, she ran down the steps, her face pale and her eyes dilated with horror.

"Oh! Walter, this is dreadful! dreadful!"

"Pray be seated; I will be ready in a few moments."

The officers remained standing by the door, while Walter made a few additions to his attire.

"Now I am ready."

"Please hold out your hands."

The young man's face flushed deeply.

"It is not necessary. I give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."

"I have no discretion in the matter."

Walter said no more, but as he felt the touch of the cold iron upon his wrist, overcome with shame and humiliation, his head sunk upon his breast, while a faint moan came from the lips.

"Pray, don't give way, sir," said the younger man.

"Friends and neighbors," added the speaker, turning round and stretching out his hand to the murderer.

"Ye ought to be ashamed of yourselves, so ye are bound to be, to afeet condannin' a man before he's thried, even! It's not I that'll beftit of him, at all! Sure an' ain't he thetuld the ould woman an' me sister's three children, an' nivir a cint would he take?"

"With pale face and disordered attire, Mrs. Remmington stood upon the steps struggling against the retarding arms that were thrown around her.

"Let me go!" she shrieked. "John is hurt!—something has happened to my boy! I will know the meaning of this!"

And breaking away, she rushed down the steps, pushing through the crowd that surrounded the murdered man, just as Mr. Remmington drew away the sheet that covered him.

For a moment she stared wildly at the white, rigid face.

Then she threw herself down beside it with a shriek that curdled the blood of all who heard it.

"Who has done this? Dead! dead! Oh! my boy! my boy! I can't stand it!"



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98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

The Serial Beautiful.

TO COMMENCE IN OUR NEXT!

Whom Will She Marry?

OR,
BETH FOSS,

The Parson's Daughter.

BY A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

In plot unique, in persons wholly unconventional and original, in story absorbing, our PARSON'S DAUGHTER has, by this work, taken a front rank among writers of popular fiction. It is a

LITERARY MOSAIC,

each character chosen with skill and woven into a picture that a master might claim with pride. If her "Pretty Puritan" was "rich in promise," this is promise fulfilled, for

In story it is strikingly original,

In person it is strikingly strong,

In plot it is strikingly successful,

and will, as do all true works of poet or novelist, be read with interest that grows and develops with each scene, act and situation.

Beth Foss, the Beauty of the Parsonage—

Willful, Wayward and Venturesome—

Loving, Strong and Pure-hearted—

is the central figure, around which are grouped:—the dear old Parson—nearly Max Duncan—staunch Harry Sewall—sinister and subtle Rial Andral—sharp and quaint Jemima, the housekeeper—devoted and shrewd Jack Prentiss—Nina, the gentle ballet-dancer—Pierre, the Lucifer—and the dazzling Madame De Witt—

The Woman Incomprehensible—

with an astonishing career that has an astonishing climax. All these are decided *originals*, whose finely-rounded individualisms give a sustained strength to the threefold and singularly interwoven drama. It is, all in all, one of the best society and heart romances that it has ever been our pleasure to publish for many a month.

OFF FOR EUROPE.—The Brooklyn Eagle, of June 28th, has this item:

"Among the passengers by the City of Chester Liner for Switzerland Company, to-morrow, will be Mr. William Adams, of the firm of Beadle & Adams, publishers. During his tour in Continental Europe he purposed visiting some portions of Germany, Italy and Switzerland, devoting also a part of his time to the Paris Exposition, returning to this city about the middle of September."

Mr. Adams, by long devotion to business, has well earned this holiday. May he enjoy it immensely! and return with new vigor, to prosecute the good fall campaign!

Sunshine Papers.

Of Something Not New.

No, indeed! Of a trite old subject enough! But even in the days of Solomon, that wise gentleman declared there was "nothing new under the sun." Surely, since one can never hope to write upon a theme that has not suggested itself to other minds, it is pardonable if, occasionally, one claims the right to give their particular thoughts upon a very old subject. So I will preach with one of Ben Jonson's sayings for a text.

That writer says: "True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."

We all desire to have friends; and most people like to have many, and swell their lists by speaking of mere acquaintances, in fact, of every one they know, or ever have known, as "my friend." But did it never occur to you, who claim, in the above mentioned manner, a score of friends, that there is a great difference between acquaintanceship and friendship?

You are endeavoring to find comfort through the sultry dog-days at some country resort; and you sit in the parlor, of a morning, puzzling your brain over how you shall spend the day—when you shall go for a tramp; you glance up at the wall, to a suggestive engraving. It is a beautiful landscape; a solitary bit of wood, through which runs a cool, clear stream, whose ripples you can almost imagine you hear; but you may gaze upon it all the day and you will not be refreshed. Presently you arouse yourself to wander where, in reality, such a scene exists, and seat yourself upon the bank of such a stream, beneath the shade of

such trees, and quench your thirst and bathe your brow, with the cool, rippling waters—with what result? Why, the memory of that morning in the woodland, and of the cool depths and delicious freshness of the little mountain stream, will remain with you through life, while its pictured counterpart may never recur to your mind, again. You derived substantial, comforting joy from the actual scene; it gave you what you longed for—hours of refreshing, inspiring pleasure; the engraving—an acquaintance—at its best but an unsatisfactory representation, and substitute for a friend—pleased your eyes, only, and was soon forgotten.

There are many men and women, to-day, utterly destitute of friends because in early life they sought many, rather than a few worthy ones, well chosen. It is in youth that we choose most of our friends; and if in old age they are dead to us, it is because we did not choose wisely.

Many young ladies select their male friends from among those of their associates who spend their money freely, dress nicely, talk loudly, and try to make a splurge in life; men who waltz lovely, but cannot say ten words of sense in a whole evening's conversation. And young men too often choose for their female friends the beautiful, giddy, fickle, thoughtless, fashionable girls, who can dance all night, as well as talk all night—and not say anything; while the thoughtful, industrious, earnest men and the plain, noble, intellectual girls, are passed by. And yet these latter are the characters who can form such friendship as would bless and brighten any life.

Thought beauty is not an obstacle to friendship, it should never be a sole cause for it.—"Tis the stainless soul within, that out shines the purest skin." Some of the best, the most brilliant, the most famous men who have ever lived have been by no means handsome men; and not a few of earth's noblest women—who have made the greatest life-sacrifices, have performed the grandest deeds, and have done the most good in the world, are those who have been unattractive, and homely, almost to ugliness.

I know some people—and probably you can some such—who lack friends, not because they are unable to make them, but because they do not know how to use them.

They go upon the theory that "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." That is very true if you are not "in need" all the time!

The strongest staff will break if you lean too heavily or constantly upon it. A gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, moved to a country village, where he was a comparative stranger. After a little time an apparently strong friend sprang up between him and a neighbor, who owned a horse and carriage, and a sail-boat. They were remarkably intimate. The new-comer used his new friend's horse and carriage freely, went sailing and fishing with him, took dinner repeatedly at his house, and could not praise him enough to all mutual associates.

After a year and a half my acquaintance returned to the city, and to-day sees and thinks no more of the man who was so kind to him than that if he had never met; while I leave it to my readers' vivid imaginations to conclude in what estimate the country gentleman must hold the person who was so soon forgetful of all the favors he had received. If, upon returning to the city, the gentleman had reciprocated the kindnesses received from his country friend, each would still have valued and cherished the other; but being situated where he did not need, or could not use him, he laid him away like an old garment, and has, doubtless, found some one else upon whose friendship he is presuming. There is about as much sincerity in such friendship as there is religion in the lives of those men who use the church as a means of advancement in business or politics.

Never value friends for what they possess, but for what they are. Beauty, wealth, social position, are unreliable possessions. To-day we have them, and to-morrow they may be gone. But self-respect, amiability, affection, and sincerity—a true, noble character—are abiding, and those who possess these will never lack friends.

SUPPOSING.

LET US have a game of "supposing." Never heard of such a thing? Well, that is somewhat singular. I don't know as it is, though, considering I've just invented it. How is it played? I don't exactly know, myself. The fact is I am going to "make it up as I go along" —in the same way fond parents do with stories they tell to amuse the little ones.

Supposing you went to call on some one, and that individual should depart and leave you to take care of yourself during your call, do you suppose that person possessed good manners, and do you suppose you would ever be forgiven if you felt mad and flared up and thought that you were treated in a very uncivil manner? And what do you suppose it is best to do with such individuals?

Supposing, while you were reading by the table, some one should remove the lamp with never an excuse or "by your leave," and leave you in total darkness—do you suppose ten cents would be quite wasted if you were to purchase a copy of BEADLE'S DIME ETIQUETTE and send it to the offending party?

Do you suppose a person has an easier conscience because he shirks his work when his pay is small and hurries through it as if it were of no consequence, and do you suppose that any person ought to grind another down to "starvation prices" when that other's work is well worth what he asks for it and his employer is well able to pay? supposing either of these cases was yours, what would you do about it?

Supposing you had but a few dollars to-day and desired a ride, of a few miles, in a vehicle, and you paid what was surely just and no more than the accommodation was worth; supposing that, to-morrow, your store of money should increase tenfold and you desired to go the same distance, in the same conveyance, do you suppose the owner would have the moral right to charge three times the price because you happened to possess a little more of the "needful," and do you suppose, because one has money, he must be cupped, and bled, and leech'd of all he has, or else be called stingy because he does not give his entire wealth away to every one who asks for it?

Do you suppose it would be right, if your profession were authorship, when you had callers if you were to refrain from entertaining them and kept on with your writing? But, suppose you did give up your time, wouldn't you think it somewhat singular if the remark reached your ears that you were not very industrious, just because you were not so impolite as to write when you had company? And do you suppose it is right for some people who have nothing to do to occupy the precious moments and hours of those that have?

Supposing people were not so fickle in their friendship, less prone to change old friends for new, don't you think there would be more sin-

cer and lasting affection in this world? Oh, there are some people so fond of a new face that they cannot do too much for its owner, and who believe they "never did, never will, or can, see another they admired so much." They never could tire of this new-found friend; not they! But, they do tire of him or her, and their love grows cold quite as suddenly as it grew warm. Supposing the love hadn't been of so "gushing" a nature, in the first place, don't you believe it would have been more lasting?

Supposing a man is unfortunate in business; is that any reason why he should fly to drink? Does the liquor make him any better or his prospects any brighter? Do you suppose he can make good his losses by taking stimulants? Suppose he does bury his feelings, doesn't he bury his manhood at the same time? Fly to drink, indeed! he had better fly to work, strivng to win back what he has lost, and not waste the little he has left.

Supposing you and I are planning to go on a pleasure excursion, and the rain pours down in such abundance as to mar our anticipated pleasure, shouldn't we complain of the weather? We might do so although we shouldn't, for were we to put to ourselves the solemn question: "Who makes the weather?" I think the "still small voice" that gives the answer would tell us of our wrong-doing.

Supposing a body is saying at my elbow—"Come, Eve, throw away your paper and wipe your pen, and prate not of things thou dost not understand, but come and take a ride;" do you suppose you'd be very much offended if I concluded my "supposings" thus abruptly?

—EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Heavy Tax List.

The assessor has sent me a tax duplicate to fill out.

I am against all taxes. I think we would all be better off without them, even if our country would not be. I am against taxation without representation, since I represent but little, and am in favor of representation without taxation.

It is the stamp-tax renewed, as the tax makes everybody stamp, whether they have got the stamps or not.

I have frequently tried to dodge the assessor, but he has always happened to assess the dodger.

I wish this United States Government could get along without having to call on me every year regularly to help it out of debt. I am getting tired of it. It has always been a great drain on my wealth.

This is the last duplicate I shall ever make out, and I warn the United States not to trespass on my premises again in the form of a one-eyed collector. Here is my inventory:

CROPS AND OTHER STATISTICS:

AMOUNT OF LAND OWNED—one mud-puddle, two swamps and a frog-pond in Blinksins.

RYE—one small bottle for medicinal use only.

CORN—three of them.

POTATOES—one half-peck in a basket in cellar, very small.

TABACCO—five cents' worth in small box.

BUTTER—pound and a half a little past the prime of its life.

BEES—none, but have had plenty of hives lately, owing to the hot weather.

HONEY—137 pounds of it; that is just what I weigh, and that is what my wife calls me—when there is a new dress on the horizon.

HORSES—one clothes-horse, crippled; one rocking-horse, spanined, and one saw-horse, not much used; would like to see it broken.

BONDS—matrimonial bonds exceedingly secure, ten-thirties, two-forties and rising like all sixty.

MISCELLANEOUS:

MONEY—one strong box filled to depletion; one other box iron-bound, stuffed empty; one pocket-book, bulged—in; one stone vault full of old tin cans; one shed full of rhinos of pork, etc.; one vest pocket containing two pants buttons (41 $\frac{1}{2}$ grain fine) and small change to the amount of three shirt-buttons—besides one copper hole with a cent in it, legal tender to the amount of ten dollars, and one lead nail available with the washwoman who can't detect a missing button.

NOTES BEARING INTEREST—numerous, and able to bear it for a long period. My notes are so valuable that people keep them steadily. Those notes are good for their cheek, I mean, for their face. Those four thousand and twenty notes represent \$28,000 worth of wealth I haven't seen.

INCOME—almost as large as the outcome, and both are increasing in proportion. My income amounts positively to the sum of blank dollars, and I am willing to swear to it, loud.

VALUE OF ALL CREDITS AFTER DEDUCTING DEBTS—this question should be value of all debts after deducting the credits; there would be some figures for showing, then.

PLEASURE VEHICLES—one wheel-barrow, single-wheeled, but a nobby turn-out; you ought to see me handle it on the road; one hand-cart, very handy. Amount a subject of investigation.

GOLD PLATE—one, with set of teeth aboard, used at every meal.

CHINA WARE—one broken set and one tea box.

SILVER WATCHES—one, valued at twenty dollars a year by the silversmith, and he is the one who should pay the tax on it.

PIANOFORTES—not one, and it is worth two hundred dollars a year. Pianos are not my forte; when I want any amount of unbottled confusion I can easily go down to the boiler factory and crawl into a boiler while fourteen workmen play on the outside with hammers.

PAINTINGS—one table with plates painted on it, valued at five hundred dollars a year, as they never get knocked off and broken, and they do not require washing three times a day.

VALUE OF LOTS—one lot of children valued at \$25,000 a foot, or a head; one mortal lot, worth beyond the reach of figures. But don't tax that.

HOUSES—one cottage by the sea; one castle in Spain; one bust of Palace; all exempt.

VALUE OF ALL GOODS ON HAND APRIL FIRST—pair of buck-skin gloves, once valued at one dollar.

DEPOSITS IN BANK SUBJECT TO DRAFT—none; had some but they were subject to too much draught and blew away—as did the bank. I saw my hard earnings go with many yearnings, but the honest president compromised with his creditors at .05 cents on the dollar and promised a similar payment in six months.

BOATS—several ships at sea this season; a large interest in several barks at night; both exceed.

SAWMILLS—\$2.50 invested in one sawmill, consisting of wood saw and buck; very small horse-power.

MANUFACTURES—keyhole factory; make portable keyholes for convenience in carrying at night when you go home; very valuable, beyond estimate.

It seems to me that I will be taxed like a taxidermist this year.

Sworn at and subscribed to by

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Allotting the Prizes;" "At Eventide;" "Master of His Own;" "The Jew's Sacrifice;" "Patent Eyes;" "Old Aunt Race;" "Keep the True;" "A Breeze in the Cupola;" "Nothing to Say;" "Light of My Eye;" "A Kiss too Much;" "Oh, Lay it Down!"

Rejected: "The Traitor;" "Let Us Be Happy Now;" "The Wicked Nymphs' Plaint;" "My Cosy Friend the Rhymers;" "Signs of the Times;" "Open for Proposals;" "Life is What We Make It;" "Another and Again;" "That Saucy Boy;" "Recompense for Loss."</p

THE WAY OF ALL.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

A rustle of sheeny satin,
A glimmer of jewels rare,
A shimmer of coquettish lace,
And a soft little lilt fair.
A bride at the altar standing;
A priest to act his part;
And the golden fetters are fastened.
That only Death can part.

The bride is wondrous lovely;
Men worship her eyes of blue,
Maidens envy the flash of her diamonds,
But she could not always know
That the heart beneath those rare old laces
Is throbbing with bitter regret, and
The golden head laden with jewels
Is trying so hard to forget.

The idyl of one sweet summer
She forgot he was poor. And—well,
Those ashes at home of her hearthstone
Might a tale of a slighted love tell.
She loved him, perchance, But, remember,
The love is a poor woman's thing,
And cannot be summed as real.
Without at least one diamond ring.

So she crushed the regret and the heartache,
Laid the past and its treasures aside
To think of her silks and her jewels
And her wealth as the great banker's bride—
To dream of the trip o'er the waters—
And the winter to spend in old Rome—
A season at beautiful Paris—
And wonderful fêtes when "at home!"

It matters not that the banker
Is crooked, and wife old;
He paid for those few little failings
With his three million dollars in gold.
And give her in lieu of caresses
A palace on Fifth avenue—
A dear little villa at Long Branch—
And a place in the country, too.

The wedding was certainly brilliant,
But conscience was there in its sting,
And the opera music just exploded—
Not to let the bride sing;
And the flowers rare costly exotic—
May they prove half as dear to her sight
As that poor bidden bunch of meek daisies
She burned with his letters, last night!

Ah, well! What's the use of lamenting?
It's the way of the world, you know;
And more hearts than one are in mourning
When the form wears the garments of snow.
And the world covets
May cover a sea of despair;
And out from the measure of sorrow
Each mortal receives his full share.

Typical Women.

JOANNA OF NAPLES.

"One of the most celebrated, most accomplished and most unfortunate of women and of queens."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

If in Mary, Queen of Scots, we have a striking illustration of the crimes and miseries wrought by royal "successions," in the most tragic and melancholy fate of Joanna, the beautiful and gentle Queen of Naples, we see these crimes and miseries in a light so shocking as to make us utter a fervent "Thank God!" that the day has passed when such a life-story is possible.

True, we yet have the old intrigues and conspiracies of thrones and heirs to thrones, witness the machined stirs of Spain, a family literally crossed with dynastic revolutions; but, the tragedy and animosity possible under the civilization of medieval times, and the age of "revival" (A. D. 1200-1700) are no longer possible. The march of intelligence among the people has made the whole system of royal government more humane, and too dependent on collateral branches of government to permit kings, queens and princes to startle history with new records of sanguinary story. Again, thank God!

Speaking of Joanna's troubled career, her admirable character and her tragic death, a historian remarks that "history affords nothing more powerfully dramatic than the life of this queen. In fact, what splendid materials for tragedy and romance—for a Shakespeare and a Scott—in the character, passions, incidents and wild vicissitudes of her reign!" So true is it that tragedy finds in royal history its most awful and impressive subjects.

Joanna, same of gentle and generous stock, Her grandfather was Robert of Naples, called by the poet Petrarch, "the good King Robert." He was the patron of literature, art and learning, and by his patronage did much toward that revival which put the "Dark Ages" away forever. He was the contemporary of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio—names still worshipped in literature; and under his beneficent sway Naples added to the splendor of her kingdom—then one of the most renowned in Europe.

His son, Charles, was like the father—a very admirable, high-minded and intelligent man, but he died in early manhood, leaving two infant daughters to inherit the throne when Robert should pass away. The grandfather bitterly bowed down by the loss of his beloved son, transferred his love to the babes, and when Joanna was four years old (A. D. 1331) formally proclaimed her the heiress of the crowns of Naples and Provence, giving all his titles to take the oath of allegiance to her. The throne of Hungary also belonged to the family, by the marriage of Robert's father, Charles the Second, to Maria of Hungary, but Robert being the second son (the celebrated Charles Martel being the first) was given the kingdoms of Naples, and Provence in France, for his inheritance, while Charles Martel retained Hungary. Out of this division came much of the misery that afflicted the beautiful Joanna.

For Robert, thinking to end the animosities and jealousies of the two thrones, married Joanna to Andreas, the second son of Camrobert King of Hungary. Andreas was then but seven years of age and Joanna but five, yet the marriage was celebrated in Naples with great pomp. The children were brought up together in Naples. Joanna was a gentle, loving creature, and so bright of intellect that at twelve she is represented as having been more professed in learning and culture than many a man of her time. Andreas, on the contrary, was coarse, weak-minded and indolent. His preceptor was a friar named Roberto—a person of barbarous instincts and detestable ambition. To make his pupil hate the Catanesio (people of Catania or Southern Italy) he directed his efforts at instruction, and the young Hungarian grew up unrestrained, weak and ignorant, unfit for any but such associates as Fra Roberto had him surrounded—Hungarian youths, whose habits, prejudices and passions were at war with good morals and good culture. Too late King Robert saw the alarming discrepancy of character between the children, and had only sad forebodings for Joanna's future.

At fifteen the princess was regarded as one of the most beautiful, accomplished and lovable women in Europe; at seventeen Andreas was everything that was distasteful to a refined person—coarse, uncouth, slothful, and weak of intellect; and, though gentle, obedient and trustful was Joanna that she was compelled to consummate the royal contract of marriage and assumed the relation of wife to the pupil of Fra Roberto, on her fifteenth birthday—a literal wedding of beauty and the beast.

King Robert died in 1343, and Joanna became Queen of Naples, Provence and Piedmont—three of the most fair and most enlightened countries in the world; but, being a minor, Robert had named in his will a council of regency to manage the three kingdoms' affairs during Joanna's minority. This was purposely done to shut out Andreas the imbecile from any exercise of authority in the state; but no sooner was the good king dead than the detestable friar Roberto developed his true character. Backed up by Hungary, he claimed for Andreas the sovereign

power, and ere a year had passed the young king and queen were literally his subjects and he the sovereign. The Court of Naples, from being the most elegant and refined in Europe, under his sway became alike a terror and a disgust to the Catanesio. Offices were filled with Hungarian boors or reckless adventurers, ready to execute his will, to advance his vile schemes; he studiously widened the breach between the two nations.

A picture of this man, by Petrarch, gives us the poet's conception of the then "regent" of the throne of Robert: "A horrible animal, with a bald head and bare feet, short in stature, swollen in person, with worn-out rags torn studiously to show the naked skin. He despises not only the supplications of the citizens but from the vantage-ground of his feigned sanctity treats with scorn the embassy of the Pope."

Injured in health, Joanna retired to the Celestine monastery at Avezza, fifteen miles from Naples, in August, 1345. Her husband accompanied her. She was *enciente*, and he seems to have had for her a certain affection that led him to remain with her; while she, it is evident, gave to him all the vileness devotion that it was in her gentle nature to bestow. She was measurably happy in that quiet retreat, but on the night of September 18th, a horrible murder was committed by persons unknown, and the victim was her husband, Andreas, who was strangled and his body pitched over a balcony to the ground far below.

Of this crime she was accused, but not a particle of proof ever established any complicity in the act, or even knowledge on her part of any design against his life. It is supposed to have been committed by some Catanesio ready for any act to rid their country of the defeated Hungarians. And they seemed to have guessed correctly as to the effect, for, when the murderer became known in Naples the foreigners fled precipitately, and Joanna returned at once to the capital to take the government in her own hands. She was fearfully shocked by the assassination, and that her grief was real was evident when, two months later, she appointed a council, and named a special commissioner, Hugh del Balzo, to hunt out and execute the murderers of her husband without respect to persons.

This authority wrought a signal calamity, for, armed with it, Del Balzo invaded her own house, held and tore from her very arms her foster-mother, Phillippe, and others of her companions, who were all executed with most horrible tortures. The haughty Catanesio nobility had written their confession to power, in Robert's family, with astonishment and anger, and to cover up the real criminals (who were unquestionably some of these very nobles) the Countess Phillippe, Phillippe's son, her young and beautiful grand-daughter and this granddaughter's husband—all probably as innocent as Joanna herself of any knowledge of the act.

This wretched business did not prevent a new series of calamities to the now miserable Joanna, who Louis of Hungary, elder brother of Andreas, came forward with an army, nominally to avenge his brother's death but really to possess the throne. He marched to Avezza, where he had the Duke of Durozzo (who had wed Maria, Joanna's sister) assassinated on the spot of Andreas's murder, and the body was pitched over the balcony and denied burial; then Louis marched into Naples to find that Joanna, with a large retinue, had fled by a fleet of galleys to her province of Provence (in France), where she was welcomed with great and generous enthusiasm.

In Naples all now was violence and blood.

The fierce Croats, Magyars, Slavs, and their even fiercer German auxiliaries, committed shocking excesses in the beautiful city.

Their record of which is sickening to read.

The evil citizens were assassinated, tortured, imprisoned or beheaded; estates were confiscated; rapine and ruin ran riot; it was an orgie of human brutes.

The Pope and Cardinals, then, having been driven from Rome by the uprising of Rienzi, the Tribune, had established the Papal Court in Avignon (in Provence). Before them Joanna appeared, to plead her cause. Louis also sent thither his agents to defend his acts and accuse the youthful queen of the murder of her husband; but before her own eloquent and convincing defense these emissaries of the ruffian Hungarian invader were silent, and the Holy Father (Pope Clement VI.), with his Cardinals and clergy, acquitted her of the charge and gave her sympathy and justification.

The celebrated plague, which visited Naples in the spring of 1347, infected the invaders' ranks, and Louis proceeded to Hungary, and Joanna returned to the desolate city, having in her train a great number of knights who had sworn to defend her to the death. She had previously married the gallant soldier, Louis of Tarento, her second cousin, and now around his standard gathered the people of Catania, Piedmont, and knights from many other countries.

And Naples all now was violence and blood.

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The celebrated plague, which visited Naples in the spring of 1347, infected the invaders' ranks, and Louis proceeded to Hungary, and Joanna returned to the desolate city, having in her train a great number of knights who had sworn to defend her to the death. She had previously married the gallant soldier, Louis of Tarento, her second cousin, and now around his standard gathered the people of Catania, Piedmont, and knights from many other countries.

And Naples all now was violence and blood.

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The celebrated plague, which visited Naples in the spring of 1347, infected the invaders' ranks

object to an earl's son! Henry thought of his home at Roselain, his palace in Mayfair, his place at court, and almost laughed, only he was too unhappy about the matter to enjoy its ludicrous side.

"I shall not run away for fear a braggart might assassinate me," was the rather lofty reply. "As to her father, if I were certain that Miss Bran was legally free from the soundest wife whom her as his wife, I should be quite willing to defy him. It is the matter of the pretended marriage that troubles me, Mr. Bryce."

"Now, just you marry the girl an' yer all right. That little black-eyed critter is the real wife, no mistake. You don't run no risk, my friend. An' you won't be makin' such a bad match, nuther, as ye are goin' to have a title tacked on to the tail of yer name. Most folks like money. Money covers a multitude o' sins. Money's good to have, even for an earl's son. They tell me Ben Brant's got silver enough to outfit a ten-acre house outen the wild briars an' gold enough left over to rail in a parlor an' gold enough fur trimmin'. He's the owner of a *bona fide* bonanza; he is; an' a little of that silver would go good to enrich the worn-out sile o' yer paternal estates. Put that in yer daddy's pipe, an' smoke it! To say nothin' of the *beauty* of that ar' partikular girl! I'm proud of her as a specimen, I am! Yer needn't tell me that's any such ladies where you come from. Queen Victoria's daughters didn't hold a candle to Miss Mercedes!"

The young nobleman was unused to hearing such familiar talk from an inferior; hardly knowing whether to resent it or take it good-naturedly, he kept silent.

"Bill Alexander's tactfully growin' thin," went on Sam Branhamish. "He's fretting hisself to a skeleton. I tolle him yesterday he'd do to cut broad with him, he was gittin' so sharp. Fur my part, I'm sure, that little black-eyed witch Keety, is good enough fur him. That gal will do some mischief, vit, sure's my name's Sam Bryce! It's in her! I'd ruther fool with a three-year-old colt than a woman with *them* eyes! You can git out o' the way of a colt's heft, but you can't guard ag'in a jealous girl what you've made false promises to. Them's my sentiments."

"Perhaps you are right," Lord Henry felt he must make some answer—"but she seems a gentle, kind creature."

"Of course, of course! Them kind is gentle, an' good, an' sort-o'-dear. I don't care for you, an' all that—*as long as you treat 'em right!* We're to 'ave an' deceive 'em, an' see how the fire will flash! I tell you, sir, it strikes me that Keety's broodin' an' broodin'; an' some' thing will come of it!"

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for all your kindness, Mr. Bryce; and I'll bid you good-night, now."

"Good-night, sir; an' if that's news, I'll contribute to let you know."

"Thank you. I've made up my mind to leave here day-after-tomorrow."

Sam Bryce opened his mouth very wide; then shut it again without saying anything.

"An' leave her behind, you call-her English cuss!" was what he wanted to exclaim.

Lord Henry was in the little house where he had spent the very happiest hours of a happy life, full of serious thought, pondering what he should do. The most important decision of his life had to be made. He could not remain on and on indefinitely, in that humble home, as he would have liked. He owed it to his father to explain where he was. He owed it to Mercedes either to avow himself, or quit her society at once and forever. He knew that she loved him and that he madly worshipped her. Yet, what could he do?

What he wanted to do was this: to see Mercedes safely back in her own home in New York. Once again under her aunt's protection, they could afford to wait a few months and be married in a proper and dignified way when they were married. Meantime, this Alexander must be silenced. "Cesar's wife must be above suspicion," Lord Henry revolted at the thought of his wife being the subject of gossip.

He had been informed by Bryce that Alexander had hired men to watch the departing passengers of every train, not only from the city itself, but every station within fifty miles. So he knew that if he attempted to escort the young lady to any train, there would be an unpleasant scene.

He was so sad and lost in thought that Mercedes, feeling that the hour of their separation drew nigh, grew very pale and silent.

Silence is eloquent. Her heart throbbed painfully with the heavy consciousness that Lord Henry's love was no match for her own. Would she have hesitated? Would any cloud of sorrow or scandal about him have kept her away if he had called?

Suddenly turning his gaze upon her, he saw little figure drawn up with its proudest expression, and that those beautiful eyes were fixed upon him with pity and reproach.

This made him see his own hesitation in its true light. He arose and went toward her, passionate words on his lips, when Marquita, blanched and wide-eyed, rushed into the room, whispering:

"Fly, fly! Hide somewhere, my dear mistress! Alexander is at the door, with three officers," and as she spoke a loud knock almost shook the little house.

(To be continued—continued in No. 431.)

Kismet.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

The full brass band in the pavilion in front of the Ocean Avenue House was playing Abt's exquisite serenade—"Sleep well, sweet angel," the breeze was blowing in gentle salt gusts from off the ocean; the first tender tints of a summer twilight were falling on land and sea, while low down in the opaline horizon, as if arising from its royal couch in the waves, a full golden moon was rising.

The hour, the place, the surroundings, impressed Mabel Gracien strongly, as she sat on the sands, entirely alone, remote from the throngs of more frivolous, less thoughtful people.

She had spread her gray blanket shawl on the beach, sat, making a little carpet of it, and there she half reclined, leaning on one hand, while the other supported her head—there she sat, fair, very fair to see, with her sweet, wistful eyes looking out on the waters as if searching for solution to the look of piteous questioning that had never left her eyes since a night, six months back, when Robert Holm had turned angrily away from her, refusing to listen to her explanations, coldly declining to believe heranguished protestations of love and loyalty.

She certainly had loved him well—so well that she never for a moment had ceased thinking of him since, thinking of him as she thought of him now, as she sat on the same beach, under the beat of the surf, the rhythm of the low-toned, restful, restful "Sleep well, sleep well!"—harmonies that stirred her pulses and awoke such passionate yearning for the one only man she had ever loved, or whose kisses had been on her lips.

Mabel Gracien was one of those ardent receptive natures on whom the masterfulness and tenderness of such a character as Robert Holm's could scarcely fail of leaving abiding impressions; and added to her sweet impulse of temperament was the very essence of true womanly loyalty and worship—that loyalty whose motto is—"The king can do no wrong," and which makes the lover king over all.

It was little wonder then, that since the breach between her and Robert, when the shadows had crept to her eyes, not to be dissipated, the piteous patient dream that only a passion-hearted woman ever felt, had come to her sweet face; it was no wonder that they had written their sad story there, or that to-night the anguish in the eyes, the silent woe around the proud lips should be deeper, for the music and the witchery of the dusk and the solemn thunder of the ceaseless surf were stirring her to her

soul's center, and all of her was crying out in speechlessness of suffering.

The distant footsteps coming, and the soft rustle of a woman's skirt over the moist sands, and then, as a lady and gentleman passed her, Robert Holm's well-known voice addressed his companion—simple, common-place words enough, but they made Mabel Gracien fear, for a moment, that she would die of the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

"Take care, Elsie; the wash came nearly to your feet."

Then a little feminine scream, a gathering of snowy, fluted ruffled skirt, a glimpse of dainty, French-slippered feet and pale, salmon silk hose, a little laugh from Robert Holm, and the two passed on beyond, away from her. Robert Holm's well-known voice addressed his companion—simple, common-place words enough, but they made Mabel Gracien fear, for a moment, that she would die of the shock, the startling surprise of pain.

She lifted her eyes, dark with agony, and looked at him, with such craving hunger in her gaze that it would have broken his heart to have seen; looked at him, so grandly handsome and strength and manly; looked at the proud set head, with the short-cut, curling hair she had more than once kissed in a very passion of tenderness, the broad, square shoulder against which the girl's bare head just reached.

Then she looked at her—tiny, graceful, stylish, with her fair hair floating softly in the sea-breeze, her cheeks pink as an oleander bud, her laughing lips the luscious tint of wet coral.

"Elsie!" He must have cared for her very, very much, he must be on closely intimate terms to call her by her lovely Christian name—and great deathly pangs of faint, jealous agony surged over and over this woman who would have died for Robert Holm's sake—for Robert Holm's sake, and he going further and further away from her, with Elsie Wymne sweet eyes looking in his face, her beautiful hand resting on his arm.

Gradually she went beyond her range of vision, and he never said her, never having thought of her at all. She moaned to herself as she crouched down nearer the salt sand, feeling with every roll and break of the foamy surf at her feet, with every minor chord of the serenade by the band, that her life was being wrung from her by those pangs of dumb, writhing agony.

Then, the sky grew darker and darker, and a few stars came out, and the moon soared high and higher. People went back to the hotels along the bluff, and the music adjourned to the ball-room, and it seemed to Mabel Gracien that she was solitary and deserted in the world, with only the stars and the sea, and her love left to break her heart till loosed, as women so often do, too well; that loved, as women so pitifully often do, so many thousand-fold more than they are beloved in return.

The hush of the solemn midnight was on land and sea, seeming to Robert Holm as if the very silence was eloquent with memories of the past. He had spent an hour or so at the hop earlier in the night, then had bidden Elsie Wymne good-night, and had gone to his own rooms where for an hour or more he had worked hard and steadily at his literary duties—for to Robert Holm there was no such thing as absolute rest even at the seaside, on what he termed his vacation.

He was making a glorious reputation. His novels were the sensation of the day, and the reading world had gone ecstasy-mad over them.

He was coming money; fair women adored him, men congratulated him, strangers looked at him as if he were a species of some extinct race-fortune favored him every way, except—

It was that exception of which he was thinking as he sat on the upper balcony, smoking his cigar, its fiery tip making a pale light in the yellow moonlight—that exception of which he thought every hour of his life, of which he had thought every hour since he and the only woman he had ever loved had parted from each other, when he had never uttered a word of inquiry because he was proud and conscience-guilty, knowing he had been hard and merciless in his anger.

Once or twice he had heard her name mentioned, casually; beyond that, it was as if the sea had swallowed her.

He had regretted something very much—as much as it is possible for a man ever to regret anything where a woman is concerned. He had missed her very much—missed the soft touches of her hand, the uplifted eyes full of adoring pride, the voice that thrilled beneath his kisses—he missed them, and yet, unlike, what he had been told, he was not in the garb you know me. If I run into Havana, I am a south-side planter, and this is my yacht—my name being Don Bernardo Rosalia," said Rafael, with a smile.

"I understand, señor—neither myself or my old nurse, Magdalene, would betray you, or yours, after all you have done for us. No, I shall never remember Rafael, the Rover, with kindness, nay, with friendship, and since you came to our rescue this afternoon, Magdalene has been praying to the Virgin even for your prosperities. The old maid smiled sweetly, while Rafael said, with a smile:

"It is kind of Magdalene, for my prosperity is other people's ruin; but I am glad, señorita, to have won your blessings instead of yours; then, if you are willing, I will carry you to Havana, running in by night, and landing under cover of the darkness, for I do not wish to attract more attention than is necessary. You have friends in Havana?"

"Yes, an uncle—General Muriel Sebastian."

"Indeed! he commands the Moro Castle," said Rafael, in some surprise.

"Yes, señor, and he is as stern as those old castles; but not to me, for he has been ever kind, and my mother, his sister, was the being most perfect in the world; but he is a hard master to serve, and I do not like serving him."

"Oh, no! not tiring me, and I have delightful quarters beyond this cabin, which is wholly at your service, and none will disturb you. Now I will return to the deck and lay our course for Havana."

"You are running a terrible risk, señor. Suppose, after all, you land me at some place on the coast."

"No, I am going to Havana anyhow, and one who leads the life I do carries fate in his hands. There are refreshments, señorita, and if I can serve you in any way, please command me. *Buenas noches,*" and Captain Rafael returned to the deck, and the *carera* was put away for Havana.

On the night following the departure from the island, the pretty little vessel glided swiftly in under the shadows of the Moro, and dropped anchor close in shore.

"Now, señorita, I am ready to escort you to your uncle," and Rafael again entered the cabin, where Inez Revilla and Magdalene awaited him, ready for departure.

"If you will escort me to a *volante* on shore, I can easily be driven to my uncle's," said Inez, with a pleasant smile.

"No, I consider you my protegee, and shall see you safely in the arms of your uncle."

"But the great risk you run, señor. Oh! do not, for my sake, place yourself in such jeopardy, which may end in life."

"I know it, and I am ready and will find him up; besides, I have long had a desire to see the interior of the Moro," said Rafael, carelessly.

Offering his arm, he led the maiden on deck, and Matt Morton politely saluted him, as he asked:

"Can I send Martin ashore, sir, in a boat, with the sick fisherman?"

"Certainly; I had forgotten him. Give Martin gold to defray the expenses of the poor fellow at some *volante* where he recovers."

"Or dies; he is very low, sir," said the sympathizing coxswain, who felt an interest in the sick fisherman according to his regard for Pretty Nellie.

The cutter having been lowered and hauled alongside, Captain Rafael led Inez and her old nurse into the stern-sheets, and then called out:

"Morton, let Martin and his man go ashore with us; there is plenty of room."

Five minutes after, Martin appeared on deck, his burden in his arms, and descended into the cutter and took a seat in the bow.

Then the boat was pushed off and soon landed at a pier, when Rafael sent a seaman to call two *volantes*.

One soon arrived, and Rafael called to Inez, to escort her to it; but she drew back.

"No, señor capitán, he is suffering and should be the first cured for. Let them go in this vehicle; another will soon arrive."

"As you please, señorita. Here, my man, take your patient in this *volante*, and when you have found him quarters and made him comfortable, return to this landing and a boat will meet you."

Martin obeyed this order with alacrity, inwardly blessing the maiden for first thinking of his patient and getting him out from under the eagle eye of the young chief, for he was in constant dread of discovery, and the nearer he drew to the *volante* the more he became.

As for Paul Melville, he was perfectly calm.

If it came to the worst, he could raise the alarm, declare that Rafael the Rover was there, and he could soon prove that he was a commissioned officer in the navy of the United States.

But unsuspecting that Paul Melville was even alive, Rafael of course had no suspicion of who was at his very side, and aided Martin and his charge into the *volante*.

"Gracias, señor, gracias, señor capitán," said Paul Melville, in a faint voice, to Rafael, and in perfect Spanish.

A moment after the *volante* wheeled rapidly away, as a second one dashed up, and drew rein near the boat.

Into the vehicle Rafael helped the Señorita Inez and Magdalene, and then sprang in himself.

"To the Moro—the commandant's quarters," he said to the driver, and the heavy carriage rumbled along the streets on its way to the guarded fortress.

A short drive and the vehicle was admitted through the massive gateway, and drew rein in front of the quarters of the commandant.

"Now, señor, you will leave me here?" pleaded Inez, grasping the hand of the buccaneer.

"No, I will give you into the charge of your uncle, señorita."

Before the maiden could reply, an officer stood by the side of the vehicle.

"I would see General Sebastian, señor. I have his service, the Sea Hawk."

"Certainly, señor; he will most gladly welcome you for the mysterious disappearance of the señorita; has pained him deeply. Your name, señor, and I will announce you."

"Don Bernardo Rosalia."

"Si, señor," and the officer disappeared to return the next instant, accompanied by a distinguished-looking man in the full uniform of a Spanish general, and with a glad cry the maiden found herself clasped in her uncle's arms.

"Ah, caro mio, I welcome you again and again! I believed you forever lost to me; but tell me, where have you been, and to whom do you owe your rescue?"

"Unle, this is the gentleman to whom I owe so much. Don Bernardo Rosalia. He it was who saved me from that wretched buccaneer, Luis Ramirez."

"Ha! it is as I have heard—Luis Ramirez is then a corsair?"

"But, señor, pardon me, if I have seemed to slight you—it was unintentional, señor. I assure you, and to you must come in and have wine with me; but you must now come in and have wine with me; but if you are still resolute, pray tell me."

"I would see the gentleman to whom I owe so much. This is the gentleman to whom I owe so much. Luis Ramirez."

"I will have to thank you, señor, more than I can express; but if you will not accept my hospitalities while in Havana, you must take wine with me. Here, Pedro, bring wine and glasses," and the general called to a servant.

"At what hotel will you stop, señor?"

"I will stay at the *volante* until the morning, señor. I will remain upon the *carera*, señor. If I do not see you in the morning, I will give you pleasure to see you on the *carera* again."

"

"Speak out, *amigo*—I owe you my life, and I'll do all I can, you may rest assured."

"Well, sir, you know that Captain Rafael came with us in the *carreta*?"

"Yes, and I've been thinking that it would be a good plan to entrap him." He kidnapped me, you know, and I nearly lost my life by it, so I will see that he is taken and he will be broken on the wheel, or garoted," and Paul Melville's eyes flashed with determined hatred.

"That is just it, senior. There is a big price offered for Rafael's head, dead or alive, and we might as well handle the gold, and I can arrange it easily."

"Then we will do it, Martin. Now to your plan."

"Well, senior, you say you are not going to leave here for a day or two?"

"Yes, I'll remain housed several days, resting, and then go on board the sloop-of-war to which I am ordered."

"Shall I go aboard, senior, to let them know you are here? I would like a chance to enlist, you know."

"You can easily do that. I will see to it; but I will not let my captain know I am here until I go on board." Now to your plan?"

"It is this, senior: I know the *pulpería* where the chief will put up, and I can go there to-morrow, find out his room, and lay my plans, so that to-morrow night we can go together, with several guards, and capture him."

"The very plan! You are a good plotter, and I will leave it in your hands."

The buccaneer said no more, but rising, bade Paul Melville good-night, and sought his own room, which adjoined that of the young officer.

The following day he was up at an early hour, and was busy until late in the afternoon arranging some plan for the night, and at a late hour sounded Paul Melville in his room.

"I am ready, senior; the guards await us at the *pulpería*, and Captain Rafael is there, wholly unsuspecting. By the time we arrive it will be midnight, so you had better get ready."

"I will be with you in a moment, my fine fellow. Now, here I am," and the two left the house together and sprung into a *volante* awaiting in front of the door.

After quite a long drive they got out in front of a rude tavern, or *pulpería*, in one of the lowest, dingiest streets in Havana, and were at once ushered into a door on the side by the *pulpería*, who met them.

Within the narrow, dark hallway, stood two men in uniform, and Martin introduced them as the guard.

"We have a Tartar to catch, my men; I hope you are well prepared," said Paul Melville.

"Si, senior; we are ready for any emergency," replied the men.

Going along a narrow, dingy hallway, the five men, for the most part, accompanied them, leading the way, ascended several rickety stairways, and knocked at a low door.

"Come in," replied a voice within.

"Enter first, senior," said Martin, and Paul Melville raised the latch and crossed the threshold.

It was a pleasant room inside, and neatly furnished, with bed, easy-chair and table, upon which a lamp burned brightly.

At the table sat a man who arose as the party entered.

"We would see El Capitan Rafael," said Paul Melville, failing to recognize a dark-bearded, large man who confronted him.

As quick as a flash of light the man pointed the muzzle of a pistol in the face of Paul Melville, while he hissed forth:

"Senior, you are my prisoner. If you resist I will kill you."

Paul Melville saw that the man was in earnest, and furthermore beheld the *pulperío* also holding a pistol at his head, while the two guards had Martin in durance vile, and with a bitter impression he said:

"I surrender; what is your intention with us?"

"Not to harm you, unless you attempt to escape; but to hold you prisoner until Rafael's *carreta* leaves the harbor. You see the buccaneer captain is merciful," replied the man whom they had found in the room.

"Yes, he is very merciful," and then turning to Martin he said in English:

"We're in a trap. I hope he tells the truth when he says he will release us when the *carreta* sails."

"I hope so, senior," said Martin in desponding tones.

"Here, no conversation between you. Remove us both to the other room, and place the guard at his door; I sternly command the one who seemed to be the leader of the party."

"Come, sir," and Martin was led from the room and Paul Melville was left alone, after the *pulperío* had told him he should be furnished with meals and all that he desired to pay for.

As the door closed the *pulperío* locked it securely and placed the key in his pocket, after which he ordered one of the guards to take him stand outside.

Then the other guard, the leader and *pulperío*, with Martin, went into another room near by, when the seaman no longer appeared to be a prisoner, as he turned to his companions and said:

"Senors, that was well executed, and I thank you. The *pulperío* will give you the gold agreed upon between us, and your duties as sentines will only last a few days; *buenas noches*, comrades."

The guard and his companion at once left the room, leaving the *pulperío* alone with the seaman.

"Senor, you remember my instructions—to hold him prisoner until the American vessel-of-war sails?"

"Yes."

"Then to drive him, by night, outside the city walls and leave him?"

"Si, senior."

"Bueno! Now here is your gold—one hundred pesos for yourself, and fifty apiece for your three comrades; is this all right, senior?"

"Si, senior."

"Then I will bid you good-night. When you see Captain Rafael again tell him how one Martin saved his life."

"I will, senior. I owe el *capitán* much. He has been good to me, and I would serve him without a gold."

"No, you run a risk, and you deserve to be paid for it; but I advise you to disguise the front of your house, if you can, and when you carry the lieutenant out, do so by another door, and do not forget to tell him you know nothing of me."

"I will, *gracias*, senior."

With a wave of his hand, Martin left the *pulperío*, muttering to himself:

"Well, I have saved the captain, and saved myself the blood of that traitor on my hands; besides, if we should meet again, he will believe that I had nothing to do with it, and I can trump up a good story of how I was carried off for several days to sea; and the best of it is, the money I paid out is what was given me to defray the expenses of the poor fisherman! Ha! ha! ha! Ed Martin, you are a deep schemer; but you must now become an honest man; so here goes for other quarters until I decide upon what my future course will be. Why I may return home with honor, and be sent to represent the people in Congress!" and with a chuckle, Edward Martin, ex-buccaneer, walked briskly along the deserted street, at peace with himself and the world in general.

(To be continued, commenced in No. 429.)

One of his ministers called Victor Emmanuel's attention to the fact that he was distributing decorations rather lavish. "Ah," said the king, "there are two things that you must never refuse when solicited—bribes to women and crosses to men."

"When a girl gets mad and rises from a fevered knee," says an exchange, "but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what they call a relapse." And here we have been working for dear life to keep off a relapse under the impression that it was some way related to choler morbus.

ROSEBUD; OR, CUSTER'S RIDE TO DEATH.

BY HARRY BURNS.

Did I ever hear tell of the Rosebud fight, And Custer? Wal, stranger, I reckon you're right. Old Pandy Ellis—she's this old cuss—

War the two ever got out of the mess?

But I drop on the trail, I do, ever the way

Of some things that happened that day.

But I reckon my lingo ain't none of the best,

So do you the 'ritin', and I'll do the rest.

Then we will do it, Martin. Now to your plan?

"Well, senior, you say you are not going to leave here for a day or two?"

"Yes, I'll remain housed several days, resting, and then go on board the sloop-of-war to which I am ordered."

"Shall I go aboard, senior, to let them know you are here? I would like a chance to enlist, you know."

"You can easily do that. I will see to it; but I will not let my captain know I am here until I go on board." Now to your plan?"

"It is this, senior: I know the *pulpería* where the chief will put up, and I can go there to-morrow, find out his room, and lay my plans, so that to-morrow night we can go together, with several guards, and capture him."

"The very plan! You are a good plotter, and I will leave it in your hands."

The buccaneer said no more, but rising, bade Paul Melville good-night, and sought his own room, which adjoined that of the young officer.

The following day he was up at an early hour, and was busy until late in the afternoon arranging some plan for the night, and at a late hour sounded Paul Melville in his room.

"I am ready, senior; the guards await us at the *pulpería*, and Captain Rafael is there, wholly unsuspecting. By the time we arrive it will be midnight, so you had better get ready."

"I will be with you in a moment, my fine fellow. Now, here I am," and the two left the house together and sprung into a *volante* awaiting in front of the door.

After quite a long drive they got out in front of a rude tavern, or *pulpería*, in one of the lowest, dingiest streets in Havana, and were at once ushered into a door on the side by the *pulpería*, who met them.

Within the narrow, dark hallway, stood two men in uniform, and Martin introduced them as the guard.

"We have a Tartar to catch, my men; I hope you are well prepared," said Paul Melville.

"Si, senior; we are ready for any emergency," replied the men.

Going along a narrow, dingy hallway, the five men, for the most part, accompanied them, leading the way, ascended several rickety stairways, and knocked at a low door.

"Come in," replied a voice within.

"Enter first, senior," said Martin, and Paul Melville raised the latch and crossed the threshold.

It was a pleasant room inside, and neatly furnished, with bed, easy-chair and table, upon which a lamp burned brightly.

At the table sat a man who arose as the party entered.

"We would see El Capitan Rafael," said Paul Melville, failing to recognize a dark-bearded, large man who confronted him.

As quick as a flash of light the man pointed the muzzle of a pistol in the face of Paul Melville, while he hissed forth:

"Senior, you are my prisoner. If you resist I will kill you."

Paul Melville saw that the man was in earnest, and furthermore beheld the *pulperío* also holding a pistol at his head, while the two guards had Martin in durance vile, and with a bitter impression he said:

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"It is a lie!" almost shrieked the wretched man.

"It is the truth. Some days ago I met a man in these hills who attempted to take my life. I was quicker on the draw than he was, and I took his life.

"But he did not die at once; he had time to say how sorry he was for his misdeeds, and told me of himself—he was once a soldier in your company.

"He told me how you had once befriended him, and though he *said* you would kill your captain, he kept it a secret, as did also the other witness. This other witness he told me was your wife—whom you had secretly married, believing she was an heiress, and who had married you for like reason.

"Now you see I know you, my gallant captain—ay, know how you swore away the life of Radcliffe or Scott, for killing a man who now stands your side."

"I mean that Baron Saville, and the nobleman who was strapped to the body on the horse, which was led by one of the troopers.

"Die! Great God, I am not fit to die," almost shrieked the wretched man.

"I mean that Baron Saville and myself are your judge and jury, and we have decided that you must die."

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THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

VERSES AND REVERSES.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Her tender voice how soft and low,
Its music thrills my ear again;
Its accents roll across my soul—
I worship as I hear.
Her eyes from heaven's own blue were
brought—
And when they smile, how they beguile—
How sweet they are to see!
Her face, so tranquil and so calm—
Her smile, so sweet, so winning-place—
The tender hues of youth diffuse,
There is no sweater face.
Her brow of noble womanhood
Gleams as no other can—
So smooth, so pure, so all desire,
Her foot was only made to tread
In soft paths, flower-strewn.
Tender grace its step betrays,
How light it comes down.
Her hand, so delicate, soft and fine,
How thrilling to the touch!
If I might some day call it mine!
I love that hand so much.

Same poem, revised, after six months' possession.
Her awful voice, how sharp and loud!
It stings like fire upon my soul—
I tremble as I hear.
Her eyes from heaven's own blue came not,
They fiercely scowl on me!
Away her smiles have wandered miles—
Her face, so bitter and disturbed,
Her temper's dwelling-place,
The redeeming hues of scorn suffice—
There is no sterner face.
Her brows are of noble womanhood
Frowns as no other can—
So wrinkled, sour, when it does lower—
I shudder as I scan.
Her foot was only made to tread
On stones, mud, and sand.
What shun-h ways it comes down!
Her hand, so spiteful, hard and quick,
How fearful is its touch!
I'm very sure that it is mine—
For she gives it to me much.

Tenting in the North Woods:

OR,

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

VI.

UNINVITED GUESTS.—LARRY PROMOTED.—"WILL YOU TAKE 'EM HOT?"

It would be stating it mildly to say that the guide was angry. He was more than angry; he was half-f狂狂, and the Indian was scarcely less so, although he was not by any means so demonstrative as the other. Yet you could see by the flash of his dark eyes that he meant business, and that it would go hard with Dave Thompson if he should come in his way.

"Perhaps it is just as well," suggested Arthur. "We came out here to hunt game, not murderers. And besides, don't you see that it is going to make us trouble if we bother with these fellows?"

"I see you don't know this yer gang, Mister Chambers, and need the guide." "Do you think that man to give you any rest?" Why, then the men who arn' wavin' out the guns in the Shadagee; the men that kill a dozen deer in a day fur the sake of their skins, an' leave the meat to rot in the sun in the middle of the summer; the skunks that net the lakes after trout; an' take them out'n the woods by the waggon-load; the men that rob traps an' ain't got vim enough in 'em to set one; and last, the men that meant to rob this yer camp at I hadn't lit onto the cuse by accident."

"Such men deserve punishment, I am well aware."

"Deserve it? Yes, an' they're gwing to git their deserts or ther ain't no snakes in the Pennsylvania mountains. I'm a plain sort of critter, an' I don't advertise to go out'n my depth, but you bet yer bottom dollar I go my length to get even with Dave Thompson an' his gang; you hear me?"

"Well, Abe, old fellow, I only hope you may succeed; that is all I can say about the matter. As far as I am concerned, I'd like well to see justice done to that fellow; but, at present, I can't see what you can do about it. Let him run, and we will go about our business."

Abruptly his shoulders and made no reply, but walked off, taking with him a mess of trout for breakfast, for these stirring events had made the time pass rapidly, and morning was just breaking. By the time he had caught a mess of trout the Indian had built up a fire and Larry crawled out lazily to cook the breakfast, looking about him in considerable doubt as to whether the bill-fish, which was dryin' in the sun, could be considered safe. All the tumult of the night before had failed to rouse him, and he listened quietly to the orders of his master to sharp a look-out and fire a gun as a signal and the others came near the tent. Then, after breakfast, the party took their guns and pushed out from the shore, the canoe dug out working very easily.

Larry had promised himself a feast in the way of a fish chowder for the noon-time meal. He took one of the lake trout, a beauty, weighing nearly twenty pounds, and dressed it neatly. He had plenty of pork, and added to the dish some venison which he had on hand, and laying the meat upon the top of a stump which had been sawed off smoothly, he chopped it fine with a couple of bowie-knives, putting in seasoning to suit his epicurean taste, and Larry was a good cook. It was easy to see that before his chowder was fairly in process of cooking, he, lighting his pipe, Larry sat down to watch it while a man came strrolling up the lake in a careless way, and walked into the opening before the tent. The Irishman took up a gun which was set just inside the tent and cooked it, and the man stopped and looked at him. Without paying any attention to him, Larry raised the gun to his shoulder and fired, and was instantly kicked over on his back, while the man advanced quickly.

"Don't do that ag'in, greeny," he said. "You don't got no call to fool with guns."

"Sure, you ars sees that it gows me business so well?" demanded Larry. "I do be thinkin' av I want to shoot off me gun I hev a right."

"Don't do that ag'in!" persisted the man; "you might hit somethin', you know. Who keeps camp here?"

"Meself."

"Where are the others?"

"I dunno; they wint away mighty 'arly in the morning."

The new-comer, who was a rough-looking young man in greasy buck-skin, raised his fingers to his lips and whistled, and Larry responded to his feet.

"Now, acusha," he said, "av I might give ye a bit av advice, wud yeees listen til me?"

"Oh, let up, greeny! I don't want to fool with you."

"There's room for yeess somewhere else, sur, goaway wid yeess."

The man uttered a jeering laugh, but scarcely had it left his lips when he received a whack which made myriads of little stars dance before his eyes, and there was Larry prancing about before him, flourishing in the air a huge stick, which he made whistle through the air with the ease and grace which only an Irishman can give to the use of a stick.

"Oh, come up til me, me bucko!" he yelled.

"Ye affe the wurruld, I'm waitin' fur yeess. Whoop; hooro!"

Larry was a queer fellow. Nothing of an ordinary nature could trouble him in the least; it was only things which seemed to smack of the supernatural that he feared. As for going back a step before a single man, that was not in his nature, and as the intruder rushed upon him he received another blow which sent him reeling back, with a dark line across his forehead where the stick had alighted.

He uttered a roar like that of an angry bull and dashed in again, holding up his rifle as a guard for his head. And the tall, lank boy stood there, flourishing his stick, and darting in now and then to deal a blow, until, rendered frantic by the injuries which he received, the fellow sprung back and cocked his rifle. Larry paused at once.

"Why, ye spalpeen," he cried. "Is that the way ye fight; wid a gun?"

"I'll bore a hole thru you if you don't drop that club."

"Look now, darlant!" answered Larry. "I'll trow down this bit av a stick an' lik yees wid me bare hands ay yees put down the gun."

"Drop it, I say; I'm going to shoot if ye drop it."

Larry dropped the stick, for he was not above being persuaded. As he did so half a dozen men, with Dave Thompson prominent among them, came into the opening. They were all armed with rifles, and if ever a hard crowd was banded together this was that crowd. Two of them were half-breeds, with their Indian love of slaughter intensified by the vices of the white man. A third was a burly negro, as unfanned and wild as when his sires roamed through the jungles of Ashante land, and the rest were shepherds all, and the wonder that Larry began to think he had fallen into bad company and wanted to back out.

"Now, what's them half-hearted skunks that had me in a hitch?" growled Dave Thompson. "I want to see 'em!"

"Maybe yeess might see them too quick, alannah!" retorted Larry, who seemed to improve in the presence of danger.

"This is their white nigger, Joe," announced Thompson, addressing the negro. "What do you think of that?"

"Me tie him up; give him forty on de bare back," said the negro. "Want to know how de white folks like to tase de hickory. Nigger git flog enough; neber see white man git de same."

"D'y'e think me a fool? Wud I give ye what I cooked for the masther? Sorry a taste."

"Now, see hyar, my lad," said Thompson, with an angry scowl. "I dunno what you mean by talkin' back. I want you to dish up that grub, an' be sharp about it, or I'll tie you to a tree and lay you with hick'ry sprouts until the grub is done."

Larry saw how useless it was to contend with them, and he brought out the tin plates which formed part of the "kit" of the party, and dished up the savory compound. The party sat down, having first piled their guns near the doorway of the tent. Larry knew how to make a chowder, and the expressions of delight as the ruffians gorged themselves were without limit.

"See yer, you white nigger!" cried Joe. "I gib it up; youse ain't gwine to git licked; youse go to git wid us an' cook for de party."

"That's so!" answered Thompson. "We've been needin' a chap like him a good while. Gimme some more that stuff; what d'y'e call it, say?"

"Chowder."

"Fish in it, ain't there?"

"Yes; fish, and pork, and deer meat."

They helped themselves again and again, and Larry urged food upon them, casting anxious looks across the lake from time to time. At last a bright look came into his face, and he turned to Thompson.

"I'll tell yeess phat I'll do," he said. "Have yeess to wait while I make some illegal bacon, and then—"

"How long 'll it take?"

"I dummo; half an hour, mayhap. I've some ilegible maple molasses."

"Go ahead! I like you, my boy; you'll do for us."

Larry did not hurry himself, but in about the time set the griddle was over the fire and the first batch of hot cakes had been passed around. The fellows had never enjoyed such fare, and ate as if they had been starving for a month. Dave Thompson, especially, seemed to enjoy himself to the full.

"And I'll tell you what tickles me boys," he said. "To think that I'm a-sittin' hyar eatin' Abe Stanfield's grub, an' makin' his white nigger cook for us almost butts me a-laffin'. Yes, I don't keer if I do take another lot."

"D'y'e yeess like them?"

"Like em! i'an't no name fur it. I love 'em, Adore 'em, an' I ain't a-talkin' in my sleep, naither."

"Won't Abe be mad?"

"I reckon. I'm going to wait hyar till he comes, boys, an' when he does we'll make it mighty hot for him. More cakes, you skunk!"

"Would you like 'em hot?" said a quiet voice at the tent door. "Cause hyar we ar. ready to give 'em to you."

There was a universal yell of surprise and terror, for there, in the tent door, with their rifles leveled on the party, stood the four returned fishermen, and just at their feet lay the rifles of the seven villains.

They were fairly caught in their own snare.

Larry uttered a wild whoop of delight as he flung the hot griddle into Dave Thompson's lap.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 432.)

Big Steve.

BY FRANK DAVES.

It was Saturday night, and the saloons and dance-houses of Deadwood were filled to overflowing. Here the big-bearded, red-shirted miners squandered in a few hours the proceeds of many days' toll with pick and spade. Whisky reigned supreme. Everybody was drunk, or rapidly becoming so; and to a novice, the scene was indeed alarming. Several times I instinctively placed my hand on the top of my head to see if my scalp was still there. Occasionally the bear cub would be absent, but there was very little quarreling; one big Indian was generally the signal for a shot or a stab.

Larry had promised himself a feast in the way of a fish chowder for the noon-time meal.

He took one of the lake trout, a beauty, weighing nearly twenty pounds, and dressed it neatly.

He had plenty of pork, and added to the dish some venison which he had on hand, and laying the meat upon the top of a stump which had been sawed off smoothly, he chopped it fine with a couple of bowie-knives, putting in seasoning to suit his epicurean taste, and Larry was a good cook.

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